PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES IN FRANCE

BY

FRANK DUMONT

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Successful Rural Plays

A Strong List From Which to Select Your Next Play

FARM FOLKS. A Rural Play in Four Acts, by ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS. For five male and six female characters. Time of playing, two hours and a half. One simple exterior, two easy interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Flora Goodwin, a farmer's daughter, is engaged to Philip Burleigh, a young New Yorker. Philip's mother wants him to marry a society woman, and by falsehoods makes Flora believe Philip does not love her. Dave Weston, who wants Flora himself, helps the deception by intercepting a letter from Philip to Flora. She agrees to marry Dave, but on the eve of their marriage Dave confesses, Philip learns the truth, and he and Flora are reunited. It is a simple plot, but full of speeches and situations that sway an audience alternately to tears and to laughter. Price, 25 cents.

HOME TIES. A Rural Play in Four Acts, by ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS. Characters, four male, five female. Plays two hours and a half. Scene, a simple interior—same for all four acts. Costumes, modern. One of the strongest plays Mr. Tubbs has written. Martin Winn's wife left him when his daughter Ruth was a baby. Harold Vincent, the nephew and adopted son of the man who has wronged Martin, makes love to Ruth Winn. She is also loved by Len Everett, a prosperous young farmer. When Martin discovers who Harold is, he orders him to leave Ruth. Harold, who does not love sincerely, yields. Ruth discovers she loves Len, but thinks she has lost him also. Then he comes back, and Ruth finds her happiness. Price 25 cents.

THE OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME. A New England Drama in Three Acts, by FRANK DUMONT. For seven males and four females. Time, two hours and a half. Costumes, modern. A play with a strong heart interest and pathos, yet rich in humor. Easy to act and very effective. A rural drama of the "Old Homstead" and "Way Down East" type. Two exterior scenes, one interior, all easy to set. Full of strong situations and delightfully humorous passages. The kind of a play everybody understands and likes. Price, 25 cents.

THE OLD DAIRY HOMESTEAD. A Rural Comedy in Three Acts, by FRANK DUMONT. For five males and four females. Time, two hours. Rural costumes. Scenes rural exterior and interior. An adventurer obtains a large sum of money from a farm house through the intimidation of the farmer's niece, whose husband he claims to be. Her escapes from the wiles of the villain and his female accomplice are both starting and novel. Price, 15 cents.

A WHITE MOUNTAIN BOY. A Strong Melodrama in Five Acts, by CHARLES TOWNSEND. For seven males and four females, and three supers. Time, two hours and twenty minutes. One exterior, three interiors. Costumes easy. The hero, a country lad, twice saves the life of a banker's daughter, which results in their betrothal. A scoundrelly clerk has the banker in his power, but the White Mountain boy finds a way to checkmate his schemes, saves the banker, and wins the girl. Price 15 cents.

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

With the Stars and Stripes in France

A War Melodrama in Three Acts

By

FRANK DUMONT

Author of "A Gunner in the Navy," "The Cuban Spy," etc.

PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
1918

PS635
.Z9J89148

Copyright 1918 by The Penn Publishing Company

NOV 22 1918

With the Stars and Stripes in France

©CLD 50750

With the Stars and Stripes in France

CHARACTERS

SAMUEL LEE - - - *a brave young American foreman in the Sanders Munition Works*

PHILIP BARCLAY - - *a German spy who carefully conceals his real name—Ludwig Rhinehart*

JOHN GLITTER - - - - - - - - - - *his accomplice*

JOHNSON JENKS - - - - - - - *druggist and bill poster*

JACOB STITCH - - - - - - - - - - - - *a tailor*

FELIX FLAXSEED - - - - - - - - - - - *a rube*

SIMPSON CRABFACE - - - - - - - - *a colored barber*

PARSON CRABFACE - - - - - - - - - - *his father*

GOTTLIEB, SIEGFRIED - - - - - - *soldiers in the German army*

LIEUTENANT - - - - - - - - - *in the American army*

MAJOR - - - - - - - - - - - *in the German army*

MABEL SANDERS - *daughter of the chief owner of the munition factory*

WIDOW HOBSON - - - - - - - - *with many admirers*

LOUELLA BUTLER - - - - - *a colored manicure artiste*

American and German soldiers, American citizens, etc.

TIME:—Two hours.

STORY OF THE PLAY

Sam Lee, a young foreman in a factory where shells are being made for the U. S. Army, loves Mabel Sanders, daughter of the owner. Ludwig Rhinehart tries to ruin Sam and win the girl. Sam enlists, meets Rhinehart on the French front, and finally exposes him as a German spy.

COSTUMES, ETC.

SAMUEL LEE. Twenty-five to thirty. In Act I plainly dressed as an American factory foreman in street summer costume; straw hat. Acts II and III, uniform of sergeant of infantry, U. S. Army. Bandage on head.

PHILIP BARCLAY. About forty. Act I, blonde. Wears light beard. Handsome summer business suit and hat. Act II, uniform of captain of infantry, U. S. Army. Wears moustache. Act III, uniform of colonel or higher officer in German Army. Moustache now turned up at ends in Prussian fashion.

JOHN GLITTER. About forty. Act I, plainly dressed, in dark suit and hat. Dark moustache. Act II, uniform of private in U. S. Army. Smooth face.

JOHNSON JENKS. About fifty. Act I, eccentric costume, loud checks, wig, etc. May wear large tortoise-shell glasses. Acts II and III, same wig and glasses, but wears uniform of private in medical or ambulance corps, with a red cross "brassard" on arm.

JACOB STITCH. About fifty. Act I, eccentric costume. May be played as a Jew or Swede. Acts II and III, uniform of private in U. S. Army.

FELIX FLAXSEED. About twenty. Act I, flaxen wig. Small derby. Trousers too short. Low shoes, etc. A "rube" costume. Acts II and III, appears as soldier in U. S. Army; still looks a little rustic, but not too much so.

SIMPSON CRABFACE. About thirty. Colored. Act I, costume of a barber. Trousers of a loud check or plaid. White duck coat. Acts II and III, private in U. S. Army, with red cross "brassard" on arm.

PARSON CRABFACE. Old man. White hair and beard.

Spectacles. Rusty long black coat and black trousers. Battered high hat. Carries cane.

GOTTLIEB, SIEGFRIED. Soldiers in German Army. One old, one young. One fat, the other thin. Both wear uniform of private, with spiked helmet, trench "tin hat," or the round flat cap of German infantryman.

LIEUTENANT. About thirty. Uniform of lieutenant of infantry, U. S. Army.

MAJOR. About fifty. Very fat. Uniform of major, German Army. Spiked helmet.

MABEL SANDERS. About twenty-one. A pretty girl. In Act I wears handsome summer costume. Hat. Parasol. Hand-bag. Act II, uniform of U. S. Army nurse, with blue cape. Act III, same costume, without cape.

WIDOW HOBSON. Forty-five. Fair and fat. Act I, street costume. Carries large knitting bag and stout umbrella. Acts II and III, blue uniform suit, with short skirt, belt and small hat. Still carries large umbrella.

LOUELLA. About twenty-five. Colored. Act I, white duck suit; no hat. Acts II and III, wears a half military, half nurse costume. She is supposed to be a helper at a military hospital.

American and German soldiers wear appropriate uniforms and carry rifles.

PROPERTIES

LEE: Bandage around head; rifle; folded papers.

PHILIP: Sealed and stamped letter; a match; purse with money; other loose money; two folded papers; two pistols; an electric flash-light.

JENKS: Recruiting poster, to be put up with brush and paste taken from a pail; or if preferred may be fastened with thumb-tacks; two pistols; folded paper.

GLITTER: Sealed envelope.

FELIX: Large American flag; pistol; costume of a

peasant girl, with apron and "Normandy cap"; two handkerchiefs.

JACOB: A loaf of black bread.

SIMPSON: Razor; a collection of old tools, such as saw, hammer, chisel, etc.; pack of cards; rope with slip-knot to form a lasso.

GOTTLIEB and other German soldiers: Rifles.

LIEUTENANT: Pistol; short piece of rope; large handkerchief for bandaging eyes.

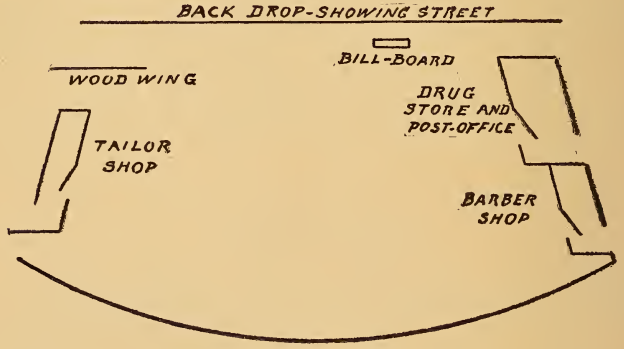
AMERICAN SOLDIERS: Rifles; one soldier carries an American flag.

MABEL: Hand-bag; small flag-handkerchief or small silk American flag.

LOUELLA: Manicuring tools; razor; rifle; pistol.

SCENE PLOTS

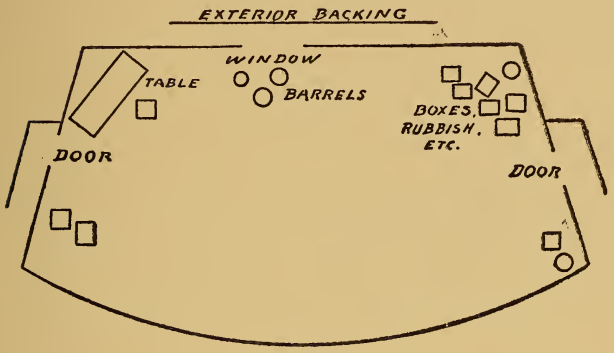
ACT I



SCENE.—A street in a small American city. Back drop shows street scene. Exits up R. and L. and through store doors. A bill-board up L. shows posters, recruiting notices, etc. Up L. store front with sign in front, "Johnson Jenks. Drug Store. Post-Office. Also Bill Poster." Further down L. another store front with sign, "Simpson Crabface.

Tonsorial and Manicure Parlor." Barber pole in front of shop or attached to it. Up R. wood wing and further down R. a store front with sign, "Jacob Stitch, Tailor."

Acts II and III



Scene.—A room in a half ruined château in France, supposed to be near the front. Up R. C. is a large window, high up in the wall, or a ragged hole supposed to have been made by shell-fire. Doors R. and L. Up R. a rickety table and chair or box. Boxes or old chairs and stools down R. and L. Up L. a collection of boxes, barrels, and rubbish. Backing shows exterior scene.

With the Stars and Stripes in France

ACT I

SCENE.—*A street in a small town. Street scene at back. At* L. *is a shop front with a barber's pole and sign, "Simpson Crabface. Sanitary Tonsorial and Manicure Parlor." Further up* L. *is another store front with sign, "Johnson Jenks. Drug Store. Post-Office. Also Bill Poster."*

(*At* R. *a store front with sign, "Jacob Stitch, Tailor." Up stage* L. *a bill-board or space for* JENKS *to put up a poster. Exits to stores and also street exits up* R. *and* L.)

(*Lively music for opening. Enter, up* R., FELIX FLAXSEED, *looking awkwardly around.*)

FELIX. My, how this place has improved since they built the ammunition factory! It begins to look like a real city. I'm kinder tired of the farm. I want to see some city life.

(*Enter* JACOB STITCH *from his store* R.)

JACOB. You're just in time, young man. Looking for a new suit of clothes, ain't you? Here's the place—step in. I got just the thing for you, a nice blue with ——

(*Enter* SIMPSON CRABFACE *from his shop,* L.)

SIMPSON. Ah! A customer. Wait a minute, boss. Don't you want a shave?

FELIX (*rubbing his face*). Why, mebbe I do. I——

JACOB (*pulling* FELIX R.). Here, you're going to buy a suit.

SIMPSON (*pulling* FELIX L.). What! Put on a new suit before you're shaved? That ain't right. Shave first. Dress afterward. Come on. You're next.

(JOHNSON JENKS *enters from store* L. *with posters, pail and paste brush. He proceeds to bill-board and begins to put up a poster headed, "Recruits Wanted."*)

FELIX. Here. Lemme alone, daggone it. I've changed my mind.

JACOB (*scornfully*). Your mind!

FELIX. Yes. I don't want a suit, and I guess I don't want a shave. 'Tain't Saturday night yet.

JENKS (*coming down* L. C. *to* FELIX). That's right, young fellow. Don't buy a suit or a shave. Go into the army, and Uncle Sam will give you a new suit of clothes and a shave for nothing.

FELIX. Say, I'll think that over.

SIMPSON. But you need a shave now. You also need a shampoo and a hair cut, and you ought to be manicured. Come on, man!

(*Takes* FELIX *by the arm.*)

(*Enter* LOUELLA *from* SIMPSON'S *shop,* L. *She has manicuring tools in her hands.*)

LOUELLA. Who said manicure? Here I am right on the job. If I do say it myself, I'm the most expertest female manicurist that ever manicured fingers. Let me see your hand. (*Takes* FELIX'S *hand.*) Are you a farmer?

FELIX (L. C.). Uh-huh.

LOUELLA (L.). I thought so. I see you like to carry your soil around with you. Let me separate you from it. Come right into the beauty parlor.

FELIX. Here—wait a moment until I decide what I'm going to do.

(*Enter* PHILIP BARCLAY, *up* R. *He pauses up* R. C. JACOB *and* SIMPSON *bow to him.*)

SIMPSON (*down* L.). How do you do, sir? Glad to hear you are planning a new addition to the shell factory.

PHILIP. Ah, yes. We've needed it for a long time. Can't keep up with our orders, nowadays.

(*Strolls* L. *toward post-office and enters it.* JENKS *follows.*)

SIMPSON. That's a fine man. He's part owner of that factory and I hear he's applying for a commission in the army.

(JENKS *stops up* C.)

STITCH. Huh, you don't know him. No army for him.

FELIX. Army! Army! That's all I hear wherever I go.

(JENKS *comes down* C.)

JENKS. And that's all you are going to hear until the Kaiser gets a good walloping.

FELIX (L. C.). I'd like to be one that will help to get it for him.

(PHILIP *reënters* L., *holding a letter. He crosses down* R. *and opens his letter, but while pretending to read it is listening to the others.*)

JENKS (C.). Then here's your chance. Uncle Sam wants some real men to help him down that war loving barbarian villain. (*Points to poster.*)

PHILIP (*down* R.). A man would be acting like a simpleton to go into the army until he is actually needed or drafted.

JENKS. Is that so? Well—if they were all like you—

staying here when you should be in the trenches—I don't know how we'd ever defeat the Kaiser.

PHILIP. I have a duty to perform here.

JENKS (C.). Duty, hey? Well, a fine big man like you could be more useful on the other side.

PHILIP (*haughtily*). That's about enough. I know my business. But how about you yourself? (*Sneeringly.*) If you're so anxious why not sign up to-day? (*Points to poster.*)

JENKS. Well, maybe you think I couldn't fight. Maybe not. Maybe I'll show you. (*Struts up and down.*) I ain't afraid of you or old Kaiser Wilhellum, either. (*Snaps fingers.*)

PHILIP. Don't get excited. I merely advised this young man for his own welfare.

JENKS. Advise him? Fine advice—not to defend the flag!

PHILIP. Oh, one flag is just as good as another. They merely represent so much bunting. It's a matter of sentiment—that's all.

JENKS (C.). Not the Stars and Stripes! No, sir. The red represents the blood of the patriots of 1776; the white is the patriotism of all Americans; and the blue and the stars are like those in heaven—the whole world can't pull them down.

(*All but* PHILIP *applaud.* FELIX *goes up* L. *and reads poster.*)

PHILIP. You have a right to your opinion, and I have a right to mine. We shall see what we shall see.

JENKS (*laughing*). I'll lend you a telescope so you can see it all right.

SIMPSON. Oh, oh, I forgot. I have a man in my shop waiting to be shaved, and his mouth's full of lather. (*Runs into shop,* L.)

LOUELLA. My land, that's so, and he'll have a mouthful of talk by now. (*Runs into shop,* L.)

(*Enter* MABEL SANDERS *up* L. *Close behind her enters* JOHN GLITTER. MABEL *is about to enter post-office, but pauses at the door.*)

JACOB (R.). Well, I've lost a customer by all this foolishness. Mr. Jenks, you are a busybody.

JENKS (*crossing* R.). Glad of it. If it weren't for the busybodies you'd never find out anything.

PHILIP (*going to* JENKS, R.). Sometimes it's dangerous to find out too much.

(GLITTER *comes down* R. C.)

JENKS. Sometimes a spy finds out too much, and gets his neck in a halter, or is put up against a wall and filled with good American bullets.

PHILIP. Do you dare insinuate that I am a spy?

(MABEL *comes down* L. C.)

GLITTER. Mr. Jenks, you should be careful what you say. You forget that Mr. Barclay is part owner of the Sanders factory, and has done much for this town. Mr. Barclay is a gentleman, and will soon be an officer in the United States Army.

MABEL. Thank you, Mr. Glitter. You took the words out of my mouth. It's a shame to attack a man like Mr. Barclay with such mean suspicions. (*To* JENKS.) You are too free in your denunciation, and I believe you will regret it.

JENKS. Oh, no, I won't. I don't take back anything that I have said. I know a thing or two. He's a snake in the grass, and I will prove it. And, Miss Sanders, let me warn you at the same time. Don't be too sure that he is a gentleman. (*Crosses up* L. *and slaps* FELIX *on the back.* MABEL *shrugs her shoulders and crosses to* PHILIP, R.) Come along, young fellow. I'll put your name down. Enlist and show these slackers that all patriotism isn't dead in this town.

FELIX. I'll go you! And you can bet I'll defend the flag that waves over the land that gave me birth.

JENKS. That's the stuff, boy.

(*They go toward shop* L. *Exit* FELIX.)

GLITTER (*to* PHILIP). Here is some mail for you,

sir—(*aside*) the plan you wanted of the new factory.

(*Hands envelope.*)

PHILIP. Hush!

(*Slips envelope into pocket of coat.* JENKS *watches this, then exit* L. *into shop.*)

GLITTER. I'll go in and talk to that man. I'll make him apologize to you. Spy, indeed! Outrageous!

(*Exit* L. *to* JENKS' *store.*)

JACOB. Well, all I got to say is, war is sending business to the deuce. Here I lost a customer already this morning. My, my, what are we coming to? I guess I'll go call on the widder.

(*Exit, up* R.)

PHILIP. Miss Sanders, I wish to thank you for speaking in my behalf. Your father trusts me. You know that.

MABEL (R. C.). Yes.

PHILIP (R.). And he knows my true character better than these sneaking fellows. As long as I stand well in your estimation let the curs bark at my heels.

MABEL (*a little confused*). I will not see any one unjustly accused if I can prevent it, Mr. Barclay.

PHILIP. You know how much a word of defense from you means to me.

MABEL. Please don't, Mr. Barclay.

PHILIP. But you cannot prevent me from admiring you!

MABEL (*smiling*). Perhaps not. No woman ever objects to admiration. But we cannot accept it too openly from every one.

PHILIP. Yet there is at least one from whom you accept it.

MABEL. Mr. Barclay! You have no right——

PHILIP (*bowing*). You make me painfully aware of that. I wish my name were Lee.

MABEL (*turning away*). I will not listen to such talk. It's unfair. (*She crosses up* R. C.)

PHILIP (*laughing*). Oh! All is fair in love and war. Sam Lee is a fine young man, and I envy him.

MABEL (*coldly*). You have no occasion. There is nothing between Mr. Lee and me.

PHILIP (*going toward her, up* R. C.). Ah, then I may hope ——

MABEL (*decidedly*). No! You are very much mistaken. If you were the last man in the world I would not listen to a word of love from you. The world is wide, Mr. Barclay, and you may win some other girl.

(*Exit, up* R.)

PHILIP (*going up* C. *and looking after her*). Ah! Ha! Just as I thought. But I haven't lost yet. (*Comes down* R.) Her father will give her a good talking to, and the way will then be easier. All in good time. All in good time.

(*Enter, up* L., SAMUEL LEE. *He is about to enter post-office* L. *when* PHILIP *motions to him, and* LEE *comes down* R.)

LEE. Did you wish to speak to me?

PHILIP. Yes. What's the matter at the factory?

LEE (*cautiously*). You know as well as I do. You are there every day.

PHILIP. It's lucky I am. I found this on the floor of one of your filling rooms yesterday.

(*Takes match from pocket and holds it up.*)

LEE. Every one who enters is searched for matches. You know that.

PHILIP. I know a lot of things happen that you as superintendent are supposed to prevent.

LEE (*coldly*). Indeed!

PHILIP. Yes. There was a fire in Room No. 2 at 9:30 this morning.

LEE (*startled*). How did you hear that? Only one person in the factory beside myself knew it. It was all over in a few seconds.

PHILIP. Well, as a stockholder I make it my business to keep informed about the factory—(*significantly*) and about its superintendent. There may be spies about.

(JENKS *sticks his head cautiously out of store door up* L.)

LEE. You are quite right—spies who are very close to everything in the factory. Spies who perhaps are not suspected on account of their high positions.

PHILIP. I think so too. You are a clever fellow and ought to discover the scoundrels. Here! I want to make you a little present to keep an eye on certain suspicious characters. (*Gives money.*)

LEE. You needn't pay me, Mr. Barclay, if that is your name, to watch the ammunition needed for our soldiers in France. It's my duty as an American to do so. (*Throws money at* PHILIP.) What are you trying to do—bribe me? There's something crooked about this, Mr. Barclay.

PHILIP (*picking up money*). Crooked or not, you'll treat me with respect or lose your job. I've had my eye on you for some time, Mr. Lee. Look out!

LEE. You bet I'll look out. But don't get your eye too near my fist unless you want it well blacked.

PHILIP (*going up* R.). You've had your warning.

(*Exit, up* R.)

(*Enter* JENKS *from his store up* L. *He comes down* R. C.)

JENKS. I heard it all! That's the scoundrel that's at the bottom of all the trouble in the factory. Why in the world did Sanders ever let him in?

He represents a German group bound to destroy all ammunition factories in this country. And Glitter is another of the gang.

LEE. Oh, I've suspected them from the first. But I can't prove anything, and neither can you. You've got to be awfully sure before you openly accuse him. A charge like that sometimes has a big kick in it. Barclay has influential friends in Washington and the alliance clubs are back of him. But follow him. Don't lose track of him, and report to me.

JENKS. Trust me, Sam. From now on I'm on his trail, and I won't lose sight of him for a minute. I'll knock seventeen different kinds of sour krout out of him—see if I don't.

(*Exit,* R.)

LEE. I will see Mabel and tell her all. She has spurned my love, it seems, because I am merely an employee in her father's factory. I did think at one time that I had won her love, and life was worth living. But now—well, it's the old story—the old story.

(*Exit to post-office,* L.)

(*Enter* GLITTER *from post-office,* L., *and looks around. In a moment enter* PHILIP *up* R.)

GLITTER. Ah, Ludwig, there you are!

PHILIP (*looking about him*). Hush! Are you crazy? Never speak the name of Ludwig Rhinehart aloud. And then these plans of the factory (*takes envelope from pocket*)—why did you give them to me when Miss Sanders was present? Why, it was insane, positively insane.

GLITTER. But they were sealed.

PHILIP. Never mind. You are getting careless. Did you not hear that fellow Jenks openly accuse me of being a spy? More caution, my friend, more caution.

GLITTER. I will remember it. You'll find everything there—the plans and specifications—everything. (JENKS *strolls on unobserved up* R.) Now, when do I get the hundred dollars?

PHILIP. Right now.

(*Puts envelope into side pocket of coat, pulls out purse, takes out money, and hands to* GLITTER.)

GLITTER. Thank you. That's right.

PHILIP. Now be very careful hereafter. Never address me as Ludwig Rhinehart or be seen too often in conversation with me.

(JENKS *comes down* R., *slyly takes the papers from* PHILIP'S *pocket, and strolls off up* R.)

GLITTER. What are you going to do with that fellow Lee?

PHILIP. Have him discharged from the factory as a spy and driven away from this town. He went into the post-office a short time ago. Keep an eye on him. Our safety demands it.

GLITTER. I'll do it. Ach—these stupid pigs of Americans! They can never find out anything about us, and when this shell factory is destroyed we have served the fatherland.

(*Exit to post-office,* L.)

PHILIP. And that will happen before a great while. No more good shells must leave here if I can prevent it.

(*As he goes up* C. MABEL *enters up* R. *He is about to speak, but she bows coldly and comes down* R. PHILIP, *enraged, stands up* R. LEE *enters* L. *and comes down to* MABEL. PHILIP, *with an angry exclamation, goes off up* R.)

LEE. Miss Sanders.

MABEL. Oh, Mr. Lee.

LEE. Miss Sanders, I've been wanting to see you—to ask your advice.

MABEL. My advice? Why, I can't think it is of any value, but you're welcome.

LEE. I've been feeling I ought to go into the army.

MABEL. Oh, no!

LEE. Why not? The country needs every man who can carry a gun.

MABEL. Yes, but you—you are so valuable to the factory. My father says so. You are helping the army here.

LEE. Some one else could do my work. Besides, I have not a free hand. I'm hampered. Somebody or something is interfering.

MABEL. Don't you know who it is?

LEE. No—yes, I think I do.

MABEL. Then act at once—to-day. See father about it.

LEE. Miss Sanders (*bitterly*) your father would not listen.

MABEL. Oh, but he will. I'll make him. He must.

LEE. No—it's no use. I'd better go into the army.

MABEL. Oh, don't, I beg of you ——

LEE. What? Then you care ——

MABEL (*hastily*). I mean—you must not act hastily. I'm going to talk to father. (*She starts up* R.)

LEE (*following*). No, please, I'll handle this myself. But you can't think how much it means to me that you are interested.

MABEL. It means a great deal to me to see you succeed.

LEE. I'll remember that. And I'll think it over—what you said.

MABEL. Do. And tell me to-morrow what you decide—to fight for your country in the field, or to work for her here.

LEE. I will. Good-bye. (*They shake hands.*)

MABEL. Good-bye.

(*Exit,* R.)

LEE. Ah, she's a girl in a thousand. If I only dared ——

(*Exit,* L.)

(*Enter* SIMPSON CRABFACE *from his shop* L., *quarreling with* LOUELLA, *who crosses to* R., *followed by* SIMPSON, *who has a razor.*)

LOUELLA. Don't you pull no razor on me, nigger, or your father will preach the obsequies over your decomposed body.

SIMPSON. Then don't pick on me. Don't threaten me, woman. We ain't married yet, so you ain't got none of them privileges.

LOUELLA. We ain't married yet, but it's just the same. I've got the refusal of you.

SIMPSON. Suppose I don't choose to put a rope 'round my neck?

LOUELLA. Then I'll sue you for breeches of trust.

SIMPSON. Ha! ha! ha! Breeches of trust. You mean promise of connubial felixity.

LOUELLA. You know what I mean. You think because you've got a barber shop, where all the politicians and business men get shaved, that you're somebody. (*Laughs.*) Why, you're only an ignorant nigger, and you'll never get over it.

SIMPSON. Don't you insult my occupation to my face. (*Blusters up in anger.*) When you do that, you cast a reflection on my tonsorial ability.

LOUELLA. I don't care about your tonsils nor your disability. You can't bluff me, nigger. There's Indian blood in me.

SIMPSON. Who cares about that? You can't scalp me.

LOUELLA. No, but I can manicure your face for you.

(*Shakes fist.*)

SIMPSON. There's my jaw. You manicure it. Woman, I'll certainly have to sue you for defamation of E. Pluribus Unum!

LOUELLA. Don't you call me that. Don't you call me a plurisy woman.

(*She slaps him. He fights back. At that moment* PARSON CRABFACE *enters up* L. *He comes down*

between them and receives several blows that knock off his hat.)

PARSON. Here! here! here! What do you mean by this antagonistic demonstration? (*Picks up hat.*) Have you no respect for the ministry? What's all this turmoil? (*Both try to talk at once to explain matters.*) Wait a minute. One at a time! Now—elucidate.

SIMPSON. She started on me first.

LOUELLA. Now ain't that just like that man? He picked on me and exasperated my feelings.

SIMPSON. She threatened to take my life.

LOUELLA. That ain't nothin' to what he was goin' to do to me.

PARSON. I'm ashamed of you both. If you go on in this manner now, what are you going to do when you are tied up in the blessed state of conjugial circumstances?

SIMPSON. She ain't got no right to boss me yet.

LOUELLA. I may as well begin now as any time.

PARSON. I repeat, I'm ashamed of you. How these here white folks goin' to live right if you don't set them a good example? But here you is, fightin' and quarrelin' right before this Sanatorial-Tonsorial Emporium! No wonder white folks laugh at your qualifications.

SIMPSON. I'se got feelin's, I has.

LOUELLA. I'se got more feelin's than you. I was brought up different.

PARSON. No more bickering or quarreling. Shake hands over the bloody chasm! Forget it. Come to church Sunday, and don't forget the contribution box. Now, go in your barber shop, and try to be human beings. Go on, now. Don't talk back. Go in. There's enough war going on without having it here in this family. Go in, I say—accelerate your movements. (*Bus. Drives them both into the barber shop,* L. *They try to talk back and explain.*) Go in or I'll lick both of you.

(*All exeunt into shop,* L.)

(*Enter, up* L., WIDOW HOBSON *and* JACOB STITCH, *arm in arm. They come down* C.)

JACOB. Oh, if I should be drafted and go in the army what would you do?

WIDOW. Well, there are lots of slackers. I guess I'd have to be satisfied with a slacker.

JACOB. Then I'll be a slacker!

WIDOW. Oh, no. I want to marry a soldier!

JACOB. Suppose I come back without any arms or legs?

WIDOW. I've always had a perfect passion for remnants.

JACOB. I know—but without arms or legs. That would be awful.

WIDOW. I'd carry you around with a shawl strap! At any rate, I would know you couldn't go out alone, and I would know you couldn't hug any other girl. (*Goes* L.)

JACOB (*following*). I don't want any other girl. Let's get married now.

WIDOW. Oh, no, I never do anything in a hurry. Let me see how you look in a uniform first.

JACOB. I'll enlist right away. (*Marches up and down.*) I'll show you what a fine man I am. Come to my arms.

(*Suddenly embraces her as* JENKS *enters up* R.)

JENKS. Hello! Break away! Well—I like that.

(*Comes down* C.)

JACOB (*down* L.). So do I. That's why I'm doing it.

JENKS. But not in front of me. I won't stand for it. Oh, no. Are you aware, sir, that this lady is mortgaged to me?

WIDOW (*down* L. C.). Wait a moment! I am still free! I said I would marry the one that looked best in a uniform.

JENKS (*down* C.). All right. That goes. I'll enlist

and let my drug store and the bill posting business go to the deuce! Oh! Love—love—what will a poor man not do for love?

JACOB. Ah! You're off your noodles. No use of you going to war. I'm her next husband.

(WIDOW *retreats up* C.)

JENKS. You? You're not a man, you're a tailor. You are the ninth part of a man. Go into your shop and sit cross-legged and sew up your mouth so your brains won't fall out.

JACOB. I'll show you that I am man enough to wallop you!

(*They box and strike wildly at each other without hitting.*)

WIDOW. I'll be the referee! Oh! Ain't it fine—to have two men fighting over you? (*They follow each other around with blows that do not reach—uppercuts and grotesque blows ad lib., saying, "How do you like that one?" "How does that feel?" "Got enough?" etc., etc. Finally* WIDOW *interferes.*) That's enough. Now before anybody gets hurt come into the drug store and we'll all have a nice glass of soda water.

JENKS (*aside*). I'll put a dose of castor oil in his. (WIDOW *extends an arm to each. They go up toward store with* WIDOW *between them, each trying to outdo the other in attentions and politeness and yet showing jealousy. Enter* PHILIP *up* R., *as though looking for something.* JENKS, *to* WIDOW.) One moment. (*To* PHILIP.) Lost something?

PHILIP (*scowling*). No.

JENKS (*turning away with a grin*). Oh, excuse me! (*To* WIDOW.) After you! (*Bows.*)

(*Exeunt* WIDOW, JACOB, JENKS, *into store* L.)

PHILIP (*crossing down* L.). I believe that scoundrel knows something about those papers. If he's

tricking me let him beware. (*Enter* MABEL *up* R. *She carries hand-bag.*) Ah, Miss Sanders. (*Bows to her.*) Excuse my excited appearance but I have lost valuable papers. Both your father and I will suffer from this loss, should they fall in the hands of spies.

MABEL (*coming down* R.). I am sorry to hear of your loss.

PHILIP (*following her down* R.). Perhaps I dropped them here and you picked them up.

MABEL. I assure you that I did not see them.

PHILIP. Why, you were here when I received them. I saw you here only a few minutes ago—and discovered my loss just afterward. Are you telling me the truth?

MABEL (*coldly*). Mr. Barclay, how dare you question me in this manner? Never dare to address me again!

PHILIP. I left you here with Lee. Perhaps you are shielding him. Those papers I must and shall have. Are they in that hand-bag?

(PHILIP *seizes the hand-bag to take it.*)

MABEL (*struggling*). Release my hand-bag at once.

PHILIP. Open it and let me search it, or I'll never let you go.

(*Enter* SAMUEL LEE *up* L. *He runs down* R. C., *seizes* PHILIP *and flings him over to* L. C.)

LEE. You'll let her go now! (PHILIP *makes a movement as if to draw a weapon.*) Take your hand away from your hip pocket or I'll drop you.

PHILIP. You can't bluff me. You have no pistol.

LEE. No, I don't need one for you. I have nature's weapon. (*Puts fist under* PHILIP'S *nose.*) I never miss with it. And when I fight I fight a man! I never fight a woman!

PHILIP. Are you aware that I am your superior?—that I can have you thrown out of the factory neck and heels?

LEE. I dislike to think the cowardly insulter of a lady can ever be my equal, let alone my superior.

PHILIP. I represent the United States government.

LEE. And I represent American manhood. God help the United States if they have to depend upon men like you.

PHILIP. I'll show you before the day is over what it means to insult me.

(*Enter* JENKS, JACOB *and* WIDOW *from drug store, up* L. *They come down* C. SIMPSON, PARSON *and* LOUELLA *enter* L. *They come down* L.)

JENKS. That's right. Stand up to him, Mr. Lee. That's a little straight talk for Mr. Philip Barclay, alias Ludwig Rhinehart.

(*Enter* GLITTER, R. *He sneaks down* L. C. *to* PHILIP *and motions him to be cautious.*)

LEE. Mr. Barclay is searching for spies, and he has lost valuable documents.

PHILIP. And you have lost your position in the factory. You are discharged.

MABEL. Not so fast. My father still owns most of the stock in that factory, and I'm going to tell him a few things. Mr. Lee is not discharged, and you cannot discharge him.

LEE. I don't care for the position—I have a better one waiting for me. I'm going to enlist to fight for my country and Uncle Sam.

MABEL. Oh, so you have decided?

LEE. Yes. My mind is made up. I shall sign the papers to-day.

MABEL. And you'll be going away?

LEE. Yes. You wouldn't keep me from going?

MABEL (*enthusiastically*). No! You are doing what every American should do if he is able to carry a gun. Go. Don't be a slacker. Go and fight for the old Stars and Stripes.

LEE (*to* PHILIP). You hear that?

PHILIP. Yes. I have applied for a commission myself.

JENKS. Commission! You ought to be tarred and feathered, you miserable snake! Here, Sam. Here are the papers he is looking for! (*Gives papers to* LEE. PHILIP *and* GLITTER *are dumbfounded.*) They sneered at the flag. Bring it here.

(FELIX *brings out a flag* L. *and gives it to* LEE. PHILIP *and* GLITTER *are pushed up* C. CITIZENS *may enter here, if desired, to make a crowd at climax.*)

LEE. Now, then. Take your hats off to this flag. (PHILIP *and* GLITTER *hesitate but* LEE *threatens.*) Hats off, I say! (*They remove hats.*) Now to prove that you are not German spies or traitors, kneel—and kiss that flag!

(*The two villains hesitate.* JENKS *kicks* GLITTER.)

JENKS. Do as Mr. Lee orders you.

SIMPSON. Do it, or I'll separate you from your existence.

(LEE *hands the flag to* MABEL.)

LEE. Now kneel and kiss the flag that you have insulted.

(*Bus. The two spies kneel and kiss the flag as all cheer ad lib., and sing part of "The Star Spangled Banner," some jeering at the spies.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*A room in a semi-ruined château, near the American lines in France. The place is used as an emergency hospital. At back a large open window or a ragged hole in wall supposed to have been made by shell fire. Broken furniture. Piles of boxes. Several barrels under window. Door* R. *Exit* L., *concealed by boxes.*

(*Music at rise of curtain. Bugle call heard faintly. A squad of American soldiers are passing out at door* R. SAMUEL LEE, *in uniform of a sergeant, discovered on box up* L. *His head is bandaged.* JENKS, *in uniform of a private of the Medical Corps, is tightening the bandage.*)

JENKS. There, Sam! You're all right, my boy, and you're all patched up. You certainly deserve your promotion.

LEE. Oh, nonsense! They were all in it.

JENKS. Yes, but you were the boy who led the squad, and wouldn't give in till they bombed or bayoneted the last Hun of the bunch and cleared the hill. We saw you. I wished I was in it. Why, making you sergeant was the least they could do. You ought to have the Distinguished Service medal.

LEE. Well, you're a good friend, Jenks. I appreciate it, all right. I'm glad we licked them. They had a machine gun to every yard, but we drove them back, eh, old boy, and gave them a taste of American bullets and cold steel!

JENKS. You bet you did; and they'll never forget the Yankee boys they appeared to despise and defy.

LEE. I dare say I ought to be thankful that I came out of it alive. But, Jenks, I don't care. I have nothing to live for.

JENKS. Nonsense. You've got a lot of fun coming to you yet. What's the matter? A girl?

LEE. You've guessed it.

JENKS. Yes, and I can guess her name, too.

LEE. Perhaps. Keep it to yourself. If you know the girl you know why I can't marry her.

JENKS. I don't know anything of the kind. If you mean her father's a rich man——

LEE. That's what I mean. And I was his employee.

JENKS. Well, he worked up from a shirt-sleeve job himself.

LEE. His daughter never did. She's always known luxury.

JENKS. If she knows a good thing when she sees it she'll take you. Did you ever tell her?

LEE. No. I knew it was no use. I thought at one time she loved me, but she never gave a sign when I came away. Women are all fickle, Johnson.

JENKS. All but widows! They've been taught a lesson in losing a husband, and they're anxious to get another one, and that's why they are true to you, until they get you. Then good-night "Liberty."

LEE (*still musing*). Never a line or word from Mabel! Not a message to encourage me or bid me hope.

JENKS. Oh! Don't let that worry you. Wait until you go back to the States as a major, a colonel or a general, all covered with gold lace. They'll all fall for you. You can have your pick of them. You won't know what to do to shake them off.

LEE. That's all right, Jenks, but I thought she would at least write an encouraging letter as a matter of courtesy. Most of the boys hear from home or their sweethearts; they get some little token. But I—well, it serves me right—a mere mechanic daring to love a millionaire's daughter.

JENKS. Forget it! There isn't a millionaire's daughter living who is too good for one of Uncle Sam's soldiers.

LEE. We'll have a new set of officers now. Lieu-

tenant Henderson is near going West, they tell me, and he's the last of the lot.

JENKS. You'll probably be doubled up with what's left of B Company. But come! I want to have the surgeon look you over. Stop worrying and get the girls out of your mind. First thing I know you'll be clear dippy. Come on now. Easy does it.

(*Lifts* LEE *gently, and leads him off* L.)

(JACOB *is led in* R., *half supported by* FELIX—*both in uniform.* JACOB *groans, limps and at times yells with seeming pain. Lays* JACOB *on floor up* C.)

JACOB. Oh—oh! Easy! Don't hurry me. Oh! I guess my leg is shot off, or my arm is amputated or something. On! but I'm badly wounded, boy. No more fighting for old Jacob. I'm a busted tomato. Oh!

FELIX. Oh, cheer up! The doctors will get hold of you and sew a new leg or an arm or two on you. They're cuttin' off lots of good arms and legs that will fit you.

(*Enter* JENKS, L.)

JENKS. What's the matter? This isn't the hospital! Next house—half a mile from here.

JACOB. Oh! I'll die before I can get there.

JENKS. Oh, ho! It's you, is it? Jacob Stitch—and wounded!

JACOB. There's about half of me left.

JENKS. Well, well, too bad. Shall I write the widow about it?

JACOB (*fiercely, trying to rise*). Never mind. I'll write her about it myself.

JENKS. Well, she'll be glad to hear it—I mean, glad to hear from you. What's the matter?

JACOB. Oh! I'm going to be sent home to be repaired. Sewed up, stitched, pressed and ironed out, basted and hemmed all over.

JENKS. Where are you wounded?

JACOB. All over. I'll give you a quarter for any place you find as big as my hand that ain't got a hole in it. My head is shot off and my legs are all tied in bow-knots.

JENKS (*prodding him*). Hurt there?

JACOB. Ouch! You bet.

JENKS (*prodding*). There?

JACOB (*yells*). That's the worst of all.

JENKS. Ah, I see. A very serious case. It's lucky for you I'm a surgeon.

JACOB (*yells*). Surgeon! You?

JENKS. Sure. I'm going to operate on you at once.

JACOB. Never. (*Yells.*) Murder!

JENKS. Quiet, quiet. (FELIX *pushes* JACOB *down on table.*) Just wait till I call my assistant. (*Goes* L. *and calls.*) Surgeon! Surgeon!

(*Enter* SIMPSON CRABFACE, L.)

SIMPSON. Here's the sturgeon. Right on the job. Where's the patient?

JENKS. Right here. (*Goes* R.) He's badly wounded.

SIMPSON (*following* R.). Well, if it ain't Jacob Stitch, that had a tailor shop opposite my tonsorial emporium. Welcome to the dismembering depot.

JENKS. We've got to doctor him up. Get your surgical instruments.

SIMPSON. With the greatest of elasticity and comprehensive deuteronomy.

(*Exit,* L.)

JENKS. Place him on the table.

(JACOB *objects, but* FELIX *and* JENKS *seize him and place him on table,* R., JACOB *groaning, yelling, and resisting ad lib.* SIMPSON *enters* L. *with a lot of tools, such as old saw, auger, hammer, chisel, bits of old iron to make a clatter and any tools available for this business.*)

SIMPSON. Here you are!

(*Throws tools on the floor, making a clatter.* JACOB *starts up and seeing the tools he attempts to escape, but is held in place by* FELIX *and* JENKS.)

JENKS. Now which leg shall we chop off first?

SIMPSON. Doctor, I think I would cut him in half first and see if his heart has been punctured.

JENKS. No remarks! As the surgeon I will do the slicing and the amputating.

SIMPSON. I would advise taking out his brains and scalding them with hot vinegar.

JENKS. You are too radical. That's the homeopathic treatment. I am for gentle measures. I will merely remove his lungs and his liver, and ——

(JACOB *tries to escape but is held in place.*)

FELIX. How would it do to drive nails in his kidneys?

JENKS. No, sir. Very old-fashioned practice. Nails would only give him more iron in his blood. What he needs now is a new set of ribs and a compound fracture of the sarcophagus. (JACOB *tries to escape.*) Get ready now. We'll put him out of his misery.

(*While thus talking they have been picking up and showing tools, to* JACOB'S *dismay. They now seize* JACOB *and pound him with their hands ad lib.*)

SIMPSON. Does this hurt you?

FELIX. Do you feel this?

JENKS. Where does it hurt you now?

JACOB. Let me off this table. I'm not wounded at all. I was only shamming.

JENKS. Oh, ho! skulking from the battle line, eh? That's what I thought. You'll be shot as a deserter. Fall in! (*They compel* JACOB *to fall in line. Then each takes a tool as if a weapon and all three imitate drums and sing the "Dead March" as they are going out in single file, toward* L., *with* JACOB *as a prisoner in the line;* SIMPSON

prods him with the saw. JENKS, *aside.*) He'll steal the widow from me, will he?

(*They all march out* L.)

(*Enter* PHILIP, R., *in uniform of American captain, followed by* GLITTER, *uniformed as a sergeant.* GLITTER *looks about cautiously.*)

PHILIP. That's all right! Our uniform protects us, and my rank places me in command and above suspicion.

GLITTER. Everything seems to play into our hands. All the company officers killed or wounded and you as the ranking officer in this part of the field, to do as you like.

PHILIP. The game is nearly over. Our friends are very near. (*Points off* R.) They are only awaiting the word from me.

GLITTER. How will you signal them?

PHILIP (*draws electric flash-light from pocket, and flashes it once or twice*). With this. (*Puts light in pocket.*) The time is nearly ripe.

GLITTER. I hope so. (*Nervously.*) I have a feeling we are watched all the time. Why not try to cross the lines now—at once, and carry our message that way?

PHILIP. What—and be captured? Not on your life! We are of more use to the Kaiser right here. No, I shall see this through as agreed, and signal when the right time comes for the attack.

GLITTER. All right. Here are the latest dispatches and some drawings which I made of the new trenches. (*Gives papers to* PHILIP.) But I admit I'm nervous. Lucky we haven't any old friends in the States to make trouble for us.

PHILIP (*snapping his fingers*). I don't bother my head about them. Now don't be seen too frequently conversing with me. As soon as it grows dark I will signal from that window. Go!

(*Goes up* C. *to window. Bus.* GLITTER *goes to door*

L. *just as* JENKS *is entering it. They meet face to face.* JENKS *puzzled.* GLITTER *turns and strolls* R.)

JENKS. Stop! Haven't I seen your face before?
GLITTER (*turning*). That's how I generally wear it!

(*Laughs and exits door* R.)

(JENKS *goes to door* R., *looks after him and imitates his laugh.*)

JENKS (*calling after* GLITTER). That's how you generally wear it, hey? Well, if I'm not mistaken, somebody will take it off for you soon and screw it on upside down. (*He is crossing again to* L. *when he sees* PHILIP, *stops, and goes up* R. C.) Hello! I think I know you, too.

PHILIP. Salute! Don't you know enough to salute an officer?

(JENKS *comes to attention, and is about to salute, but suddenly drops his hand and laughs.*)

JENKS. I'll be darned if I do. In the medical corps we salute only real officers and gentlemen.

PHILIP (*approaching him*). What! What's that? Salute at once!

JENKS. No!

PHILIP (*threateningly*). You scoundrel, I'll —— (*Pauses.*) Oh, ho! I believe we have met before.

JENKS (L. C.). Oh, remember me now, do you? Yes, we have met all right—over in the States. And perhaps you remember an ammunition plant that came near being blown up by spies and other vermin. And you may recall a certain pair of dirty Huns who were forced to kiss the American flag. Remember that?

PHILIP (C.). Keep a civil tongue in your head and remember where you are.

JENKS (*crossing* R.). I'll never forget it, and don't

you forget that a uniform doesn't always hide a crook or a traitor.

PHILIP. I'll see your commander about this. You will hear from me, depend upon it.

JENKS. Send it special delivery and registered so I won't miss it. (PHILIP *utters an exclamation of anger and exits* R. JENKS *follows to door* R. *and laughs.*) He seems to be real peeved. Well, it was quite a surprise, but we've learned to expect surprises in this war.

(WIDOW *appears at door* L. *Seeing* JENKS *she utters a cry of surprise.*)

WIDOW. Jenks! Johnson Jenks! Found at last!

JENKS. Another surprise party, and I may say—a *large* surprise party.

(*Before he is aware of it, the* WIDOW *has rushed across* R. *and embraced him with delight. She pulls him down* C.)

WIDOW. I've been searching over half of France to find you, and at last we meet. Oh! Johnson, this is Heaven!

JENKS. If this is Heaven you must be a little fat angel! Tell me, Birdie, where did you flit from?

WIDOW. After all the men enlisted and went away I was very lonesome. Nobody left in town but a lot of bald-headed, toothless, spavined and rheumatic old men. I couldn't see it being a nurse for a lot of superannuated stay-at-home invalids. So I volunteered to come over here in the Emergency Reconstruction Service, to look after little orphans, the sick and destitute victims of the war.

JENKS. Fine! Fine! I admire your benevolence and courage.

WIDOW. I've got courage all right. If that's all that's necessary I won't be a widow very long. It's mighty lonesome business having no one to cuddle up to or to talk to, or to lecture when it's deserved. Jenks! I never knew how much I

thought of you until you left your drug store and came over here.

JENKS (R. C.). What about Stitch the tailor?

WIDOW (C.). He's not in it. (JACOB *is just coming on* L., *when he stands and overhears the conversation.*) A tailor, a man that sits cross-legged and sews all day? I took his measure and ripped his suit for him.

JACOB. I wonder if she means me?

JENKS. Then you don't care for the tailor?

WIDOW. What! I wouldn't wipe my feet on him. Just think of a husband who in his sleep would dream that he's running a hot iron up and down your back or is sewing on buttons all over you! Not much. He is just fit to be a monkey—that's all.

JACOB (*half crying*). I hope the next battle I go into I'll get shot to pieces. (JACOB *disappears* L.)

WIDOW. Have you seen any of our old friends since you have been over here?

JENKS. Yes, our old friend Samuel Lee was wounded yesterday and promoted.

WIDOW. Samuel Lee, who had the impudence to try to win old Sanders' daughter?

JENKS. The very same young man. She'd be lucky if she got him.

WIDOW. Well—there'll be a surprise for him, I guess. Mabel Sanders came over on the boat with me. She's a Red Cross nurse, and I heard she had been sent to a hospital near this part of the line. I'd like to see the look of surprise on Mr. Lee's face when he sees her. It will be as good as one of the moving picture dramas.

JENKS. It might cheer the poor fellow up.

(*Enter* SIMPSON CRABFACE, L.)

SIMPSON. Well, look who's here! The whole United States is moving over to France.

WIDOW. Well, the colored barber, I declare!

SIMPSON. Not a tonsorial artist any longer, but a son of Esculapius. Got you there. You don't know

who that is? No? Esculapius is the gent who invented porous plasters.

(LOUELLA, *in a half nurse, half military costume, enters door* L.)

LOUELLA. For the land sake! Simpson Crabface or I'm a Dutch sardine! Let me just grab you by the wool to say welcome home!

SIMPSON. Now I just said the whole United States is here. Ain't it the truth? What you doin' here, woman?

LOUELLA (*following* SIMPSON *as he tries to avoid her*). Don't you try to run away from me, nigger, for it will be all the worse for you! You thought to escape the breach of promise and run away in the army, eh? Look at me, you dried up, bankrupt nigger. I'm a black cross nurse.

SIMPSON (*down* C.). 'Deed, I'm glad to see you, Louella.

LOUELLA (*down* L.). You don't say it as if it came from the heart. Come close, and utter them exclamations again. (*He comes to her and she throws her arms around him ad lib.*) Mine to have and to hold. To kill or preserve alive. Nigger, you're in the army now, but Uncle Sam can't divorce you from your promised bride. I'm a war bride, sure enough, and you're my prisoner.

SIMPSON. Don't squeeze me so tight. I ain't going to run away. I'm as glad to see you as though I had the appendicitis.

LOUELLA. Take me where they are serving out the rations. I haven't eaten anything since day before yesterday, and I'm starved out.

SIMPSON. Then come with me and devour some nice hardtack and a chunk of railroad track. I'll give you some of these here iron rations you been hearing about.

WIDOW. That reminds me that I'm a little bit hungry myself. I've heard of people living on love, but a few provisions always help it along.

LOUELLA. Come along. When food is ready don't be a slacker.

(*Exeunt* SIMPSON, LOUELLA *and* WIDOW, L.)

(*Music. Enter* MABEL, R., *as a Red Cross nurse.*)

JENKS. Oh, Miss Sanders, I just heard you were here. Welcome, doubly welcome, to this magnificent château—what is left of it.

MABEL. Hello, Mr. Jenks. (*Looks about.*) No, not much of a house, is it? The shelling has almost destroyed it.

JENKS. Oh, well! We can put it to some use. Do you know, this is a romantic old building. I dare say it saw some stirring incidents in the old days.

(*Walks* L. *as though examining walls.*)

MABEL. The Huns do not spare even sacred edifices. (*Looks around.*) Have you examined the building?

JENKS (L. C., *turning to her*). Yes, and I have made a discovery in this old château. I don't know all about it yet. (*Takes her hand mysteriously.*) I have discovered a secret underground passage! I don't know exactly where it leads—but leave it to Jenks to find out!

MABEL (C.). Perhaps it may lead back to the river bank just behind us.

JENKS. Maybe! Maybe! The entrance is almost covered up by broken timber and stones.

MABEL. Do not speak of it to any one. Let it remain a secret for the present. We may be able to explore it some day.

JENKS. There was lots of fighting around here, and some of our brave boys were badly hurt.

MABEL. Yes, the work in the clearing station has been terrific. I haven't had my clothes off for three days. The doctor made me stop work and rest for a few hours, but I can't sleep.

JENKS. One of our old friends was severely wounded—Samuel Lee. You remember him.

(MABEL *shows painful surprise.*)

MABEL. Mr. Lee! Wounded? Tell me, is he in danger?

JENKS. Well, I think he will pull through. A machine gun bullet ploughed across his scalp. (*Points to his head.*) Pretty narrow shave.

MABEL (*anxiously.*) Did he have proper medical attention?

JENKS. Oh, yes; but there comes the young man! You may ask him all about it.

(*Music.* SAMUEL LEE, *with head bandaged, feeble and almost tottering, enters* L., *leaning on his rifle.* JENKS *retires slightly up* L. MABEL *and* LEE *see each other.*)

LEE. Mabel!—Miss Sanders. (*Goes* L. C. *to her.*)

MABEL. Oh, you are wounded!

LEE. Yes. (*Touches his head.*) They got me, here. Pity they didn't take my head off entirely.

MABEL. Oh, no! You don't mean that.

LEE. I do, pretty nearly.

MABEL. It sounds ungrateful.

LEE. To whom?

MABEL. To an all-wise Providence that spared you when so many brave fellows were taken.

LEE. Yes,—spared! Spared to see you again, Miss Sanders. You once advised me to go with the boys that left to fight the savage Huns ——

MABEL. Yes, because I thought it was the duty of every American to go with his flag to fight for the liberty of the world. To defeat the monster who would enslave every nation and trample out freedom, and to show the world what America could do in a just cause.

JENKS (*coming down* L.). Spoken like a real American girl. (*Applauds.*) If we had an army of girls like that we could whip the Kaiser and

twenty million savages. But it strikes me that two is company and three is a crowd, so I'm excused! I'm going out on a furlough.

(*Exit*, L.)

MABEL (*to* LEE). Is your wound painful?

LEE (*smiling*). Seeing you makes it better. I did not expect to see you as a Red Cross nurse in France.

MABEL. I thought it my duty to come here. My father gave his consent freely. I have been in France for three months, but I came here only this week.

LEE. And you have come like an angel to this place. Words fail me to speak the joy I feel. Had you no other motive in coming over to France?

MABEL (*hesitating*). Well—to be of service to the poor wounded soldiers.

(LEE *shows disappointment. At this moment* PHILIP *returns* R. *In an instant he recognizes both* MABEL *and* LEE. *He starts with surprise and can scarcely control himself. He advances down* R.)

PHILIP. Miss Sanders! Why, this is a genuine surprise. And here is my dear friend, Samuel Lee—wounded!

MABEL (C.). Mr. Barclay—Captain, I should say. Yes, he has been severely wounded.

PHILIP. But he will receive gentle treatment from the pretty Red Cross nurses. I envy the wounded soldier—indeed I do.

LEE. So this is Philip Barclay, and an officer in our army?

PHILIP. Yes. I have not forgotten the humiliation I suffered at your hands—jeered at, and forced to kiss the flag. Things are different now, quite different, I assure you. If you are well enough to idle your time away here, you are well enough to resume your duty.

MABEL. But he is severely wounded.

PHILIP. That is for a surgeon to say. I order you to your duty at once.

MABEL. And my duty as a nurse is to remain at his side.

PHILIP. Do you dare question my authority?

MABEL (*simply*). I am responsible to the surgeon general only.

PHILIP. I will be obeyed.

(*Makes a move toward* MABEL.)

LEE. Stop! (*Raises musket.*) Put but a single finger on that lady and I'll blow your head off.

PHILIP. Do you dare threaten an officer?

LEE. I don't care who and what you are! If I die for it I will not permit you to insult her again.

(PHILIP *produces a pistol.* MABEL *steps before* LEE, *takes from her bosom a small flag handkerchief and holds it up.*)

MABEL. Fire on this flag if you dare! This flag protects every lad in the army! This is Uncle Sam's banner and it is enough to shield a wounded man from a designing villain!

PHILIP. Do you dare accuse me?

MABEL. Yes, I have never entirely lost sight of you, Philip Barclay. There are those who have watched your actions. The moment you dare persecute this man without just cause, that moment will I denounce you for what you are!

PHILIP (R. C., *sneeringly*). What do you know about me?

MABEL (C.). More than you think I do. Your uniform or rank won't save you when I speak the word.

LEE (L. C.). Miss Sanders, please do not permit yourself to be annoyed by this man. Leave him to me. His rank cannot protect him.

MABEL. You are agitated. Come, I will attend to your wounded head. (*To* PHILIP.) I leave you to your conscience. Make no mistake. I know!

(*Exit* MABEL *with* LEE, L., MABEL *glancing back meaningly at* PHILIP, *who is livid with passion.*)

PHILIP. What does she know, I wonder? Bah! (*Gesture of impatience.*) What do I care? But I must act quickly now. (*Looks out doors and window.*) No one about. They are waiting beyond there for my signal! (PHILIP *mounts a box or barrel and stands at the window. He first looks around carefully, then produces the flash-light which he flashes through the large aperture or broken window. The stage is dark enough by this time for these signals. He makes circles, crosses and many complicated signs with his flash-light. While he is thus busy* JENKS *and* FELIX, L., *appear at door, carrying lanterns and observe him. After more flashes* PHILIP *turns and sees them. He is disconcerted for a few moments.*) Well, what do you want?

(*Steps down from window and comes down* C.)

JENKS. Don't want anything. How long is it since you've been in the signal corps? What are you signaling about, anyway?

PHILIP. I am an officer. I am minding my own business. You would do well to mind yours.

(*Goes* R.)

JENKS. I always mind my own business when everything is on the level.

PHILIP. What do you mean to insinuate?

JENKS (*crossing* R.). The Germans can see those signals if they are intended for them.

PHILIP. I have a right to signal to my own advance patrols.

JENKS. Maybe. But to say the least, your actions are very suspicious.

PHILIP. I ought to stretch you dead at my feet.

(*He whips out two pistols. But* JENKS *produces two revolvers and* FELIX *shows one.*)

FELIX. Come right up against it! Three of a kind beats one pair, always!

PHILIP. I will summon the guard and have you both put in irons. I believe you are spies.

JENKS. Not when you are around. We don't intend to be in your class. You've got a monopoly on that business.

(*Exit* PHILIP, R., *with great show of anger.*)

FELIX. Lay low for ducks; something is in the wind.

(JENKS *is about to follow through door* R. *but suddenly springs back.*)

JENKS. Ha—there's the other one! Quick! They are coming back. Come into this camouflaged observatory.

(*They go behind the boxes and barrels up* L. *and conceal themselves.*)

(*Enter,* R., PHILIP *and* GLITTER. *They look all around to discover any observers or listeners.*)

PHILIP (C.). They are gone. That blockhead of a druggist caught me making signals at that window.

GLITTER (L. C.). That's all right. If the signals were not seen we can still reach the German lines.

PHILIP. That young fellow Samuel Lee is here and so is the girl Mabel Sanders who rebuffed and insulted me before everybody.

GLITTER. Let's pay them all back at one stroke.

PHILIP. We will. Place these papers in Lee's pockets if you can. Then we will accuse him and have him searched. Denounce him as a spy and I'll call in a shooting squad and put an end to him.

GLITTER. Good! I'll attend to him at once.

(*Shows papers and exit* L.)

PHILIP. Now, Mr. Lee, I think I've got you fixed for a swift journey into eternity.

(*Goes to window and makes a few more signals, pausing now and then as though for reply.* JENKS *and* FELIX *observe him from their hiding-place. Enter* GLITTER, L.)

GLITTER (*softly*). Captain! (PHILIP *comes down* C.) Do they answer?

PHILIP. Yes. They understand and are waiting for you at the usual place. (JENKS *and* FELIX *evidently hear this.*) Did you find Lee?

GLITTER. Yes. It's all right. It couldn't work more smoothly. I had a great chance and slipped the papers into his coat pocket while the nurse was attending to his wounded head.

PHILIP. Good! Fine! Now speed away with these dispatches. The German commander must have them at once. Don't lose a moment. Point out the weak places in the line. They must attack to-night. I'll attend to the rest. (*Gives papers.*) Don't be caught with these. Use my pass and be watchful.

GLITTER. Trust me for throwing anybody off my track.

(*Exit,* R. PHILIP *goes to window at back, then* JENKS *and* FELIX *rise and sneak* R. JENKS *shakes fist unseen at* PHILIP'S *back. Exeunt,* R.)

PHILIP (*up* C.). Now I feel that I am on the road to a general victory over all my enemies. I hope my signals have been seen and understood, but Glitter will make sure of the message.

(*Enter,* L., LIEUTENANT, *armed, followed by a squad of soldiers with rifles. All salute* PHILIP, *who returns salutes.*)

LIEUTENANT. Captain! Signals have been seen from this place—intended apparently for the enemy. We came here to find the spy or persons doing this. Have you seen any one here?

PHILIP. Yes. I saw some of the signals myself and hurried here to investigate. I traced them to that

window and saw one of our men in the act of using a flash-light. I am sorry that any man in our uniform would betray his comrades thus.

LIEUTENANT. Where is the man?

PHILIP. In the adjoining building. (*Points* L.) He pretended to be wounded in the head to avoid suspicion. His name is Lee—Sergeant Samuel Lee.

LIEUTENANT (*surprised*). Sergeant Lee?

PHILIP. Yes. Find him and bring him here. If he is guilty he will be executed at once as a lesson to others.

LIEUTENANT. Very well, sir!

(*They salute and all exeunt* L. *at word of command.*)

PHILIP. Now, Mr. Sergeant Lee, I've got you in a box (*laughs*) and I think you'll get out of that box only to find yourself in another, about six feet by two. And then good-night to you.

(LIEUTENANT *and soldiers bring in* LEE *from* L., *as a prisoner.* MABEL *and* WIDOW *follow.*)

LIEUTENANT. Sir, here is the prisoner.

PHILIP. Let him be searched.

(*They search* LEE *and find some folded documents.*)

LIEUTENANT (*bus.*). Here are outlines of our advanced trenches, sir, and locations of our heavy artillery—also information of the numbers of our reserves.

(*Hands papers to* PHILIP, *who opens and examines them.*)

PHILIP. I thought so. That accounts for his signals at that window.

MABEL. Do you mean to accuse Samuel Lee—as a spy?

PHILIP. Yes, these papers are proof enough.

LEE. Miss Sanders, and comrades—I deny the accusation. I never saw those papers nor made any

signals at that window. I have been in the hospital yonder. (*Points* L.)

PHILIP (*to* MABEL). Have you been with him all the time, during the past half hour?

MABEL. Yes—all but a very few minutes.

PHILIP (*coldly*). Ah, yes. (*To* LIEUTENANT.) A great deal of dangerous signaling can be done in a very few minutes.

(*He emphasizes the last words, with a hostile look at* LEE.)

LEE. I did not leave the hospital for a single moment.

PHILIP. So you say.

MABEL. I believe you, trust you, no matter what a contemptible villain may say or do against you. I believe you are innocent.

LEE. Thank you. That means a lot to me. Don't be frightened. I have done nothing wrong, and therefore they can prove nothing against me.

PHILIP. Soldiers, your lives have been endangered by this spy. Take him into the room, search him carefully and you may find additional proof. You know the fate of a spy on the battle-field or camp in time of war.

LIEUTENANT. Death!

(*Gives military commands and soldiers take* LEE *out* L. *All leave but* MABEL *and* PHILIP. *He goes* R. *She follows.*)

MABEL. So you intend to have him shot as a spy?

PHILIP. Yes, I have waited for this chance. A kind turn has furnished it. He dies. (*Goes to* R. C.)

MABEL (R.). Is there no way to save him from this shameful death?

PHILIP. Yes, there is one chance. Give me your love and promise to become mine and I will find a way to save him.

MABEL. I pray you, I implore you to save an innocent man. You know that he is not guilty, but you are actuated by motives of hate and revenge.

PHILIP. You have said it. Come—what do you say? Think quickly.

(*Takes her hand, but she draws it away.*)

MABEL. You villain! You miserable spy and scoundrel!

PHILIP (*scornfully*). Big words.

MABEL. Oh, I hate you!

PHILIP. Very well. Then he dies. (*Moves to* C.)

MABEL. Stop! On my knees (*kneels*) I beg for clemency. Spare that poor wounded innocent man.

(*At this moment* LEE *is brought in by* LIEUTENANT *and soldiers.* SIMPSON, LOUELLA, WIDOW *and* JACOB *follow.* LEE *is halted* L. C. *Others up and down* L. LEE *sees* MABEL *kneeling to* PHILIP.)

LEE. Miss Sanders, rise. Do not kneel to that black-hearted villain. Don't beg for my life, for I would not accept it at such a sacrifice.

PHILIP. She kneels because she loves you.

MABEL (*rising*). I was kneeling to save an American from the clutches of a spy, a traitor, an alien scoundrel whom I will unmask yet, in spite of his uniform.

PHILIP. Stand him up against the wall. (*To* LIEUTENANT.) Get your firing squad ready.

LIEUTENANT (*evidently surprised*). Sir!

PHILIP. Get your squad ready. Put the prisoner against the wall there. (*Points up* C.) He will be executed at once.

(WIDOW *screams. Others agitated.*)

LEE. You have no right. I demand a regular court-martial.

PHILIP. This is war time. We will shoot first and talk afterward. (*To* LIEUTENANT.) Obey orders.

(LIEUTENANT *salutes.* LEE'S *hands are tied and he is placed against wall up* C.)

MABEL (*to* PHILIP). Will nothing move your heart to do justice to that man?

PHILIP. He is a spy. The safety of our army demands it. Put a bandage over his eyes.

LEE. No, I can look upon my comrades without fear, for I have never disgraced this uniform!

WIDOW. Bully for you! If I were a man I'd tear the uniform off of that sneak!

(*Points to* PHILIP, *and crosses* R. *to* MABEL.)

LEE. Miss Sanders, one request. Let me have the little flag you protected me with. (*She goes up* C. *to him.*) I want to wear it next to my heart as your last gift, and a suitable emblem for a soldier to wear as he faces death. (*She pins flag on his breast.*) Here, standing upon the brink of eternity, I say to my comrades, to you, Miss Sanders, and to all, that I am the victim of that scoundrel's plot and I die an innocent man, but a true American! In the words of Nathan Hale, I regret that I have but one life to give to my country!

PHILIP. Make ready. (*Soldiers get ready to fire.* MABEL *screams and faints in arms of* WIDOW, *who soothes her.*) This is the fate of a spy! Ready—aim! (*Soldiers obey.*)

(JENKS *and* FELIX *heard off* R.)

JENKS. Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Come along! (*They force in* GLITTER, *holding pistols to his head.*) We caught this spy red-handed and we've got the goods on him.

(PHILIP *astounded.*)

PHILIP (C., *aside*). Glitter! And caught. (*Aloud.*) Where are your proofs that this man is a spy?

JENKS (R.). Right here. He had these dispatches (*shows them*), but we got him all right. You gave them to him, but we got 'em, see?

GLITTER (R. C., *aside to* PHILIP). You've got to get me out of this, or I'll squeal.

PHILIP. We will examine this spy after we get rid of this one. (*Indicates* LEE.)

LIEUTENANT. A spy is a spy. If we shoot one we should shoot both of them, sir.

(*Everybody approves of this.*)

ALL. That's right—shoot them both!

(PHILIP *dismayed.*)

SIMPSON. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the rooster!

(GLITTER *goes close to* PHILIP.)

GLITTER. Get me out of this, do you hear?

PHILIP. I can't do anything. I will not save Lee at any price, come what may. I've got him, and nothing shall stir me from my purpose.

GLITTER. Do you mean to go back on me?

PHILIP. You have been paid for your work. It is the fortune of war.

LIEUTENANT. Come! Put him up against the wall.

(*Soldiers take* GLITTER *up stage. He struggles and breaks away from them. He runs to* PHILIP, *down* R.)

GLITTER. The moment they aim a gun at me I'll tell all I know, and denounce you.

PHILIP. Bah! That for your threats.

(*Snaps fingers.*)

GLITTER. I did all the dirty work at your command, but I won't die for you! (*Soldiers come down and take him.*) If I die, you die with me.

PHILIP (*aside*). It's strange that my signals have not been answered. (*Aloud.*) Soldiers, do your duty. Shoot them both.

(*Soldiers place* GLITTER *up* C. *and take aim.*)

GLITTER. Stop! Soldiers! I confess that I am a spy, but there is my confederate! (*Points to* PHILIP.) Lee is innocent! Here is that man's personal pass.

(*Shows it.* PHILIP *is staggered. All are about to attack or shoot* PHILIP, *but at that moment a discharge of firearms is heard off and shouts of the Germans attacking the place also heard. Germans rush in* R. *and attack Americans.* PHILIP *strikes down* LIEUTENANT. *Fight takes place but Americans, outnumbered, are killed or captured.* MABEL *runs to* LEE, *who tries to protect her.* GLITTER *is shot down by* JENKS. PHILIP *shows he is triumphant and has* MABEL *and* LEE *as prisoners.* SIMPSON *and* LOUELLA *join in the mêlée but are captured with the rest. With a laugh of triumph* PHILIP *waves his signaling torch in* LEE'S *face.*)

PHILIP (C.). So! The masquerade is over. You are prisoners to me and the Emperor of Germany.

LEE. I don't know which is the worst scoundrel. But neither can break the spirit of an American soldier!

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as in* ACT II. *All lights on.*

(*Music. At rise of curtain some American prisoners are discovered.* LEE *seated on box* L. C., JACOB R., *on ground or on box, trying to bite into a stale loaf of bread.* SIMPSON CRABFACE *seated on a box down* L., *with cards, trying to tell his own fortune. Soon as curtain is up* SIMPSON *commences to sing chorus of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching." Two German guards,* GOTTLIEB, R., *and* SIEGFRIED, L., *pound on the floor with their rifles, demanding silence.*)

SIEGFRIED. Silence! Silence! Stop this noise!

SIMPSON. That shows how much you fellows know about music. They call my singing a noise.

(*Prisoners laugh.*)

GOTTLIEB. Shut up, you American pig-dogs.

SIMPSON. Look out that the American dogs don't bite you! If they do you'll get sixteen kinds of hydrophobia!

(*Prisoners take interest in all the conversation; approve and laugh at intervals.*)

JACOB. Say! When do we get our rations?

(*Sentries laugh.*)

GOTTLIEB. These Americans want to eat. That's a good joke, nicht wahr?

SIMPSON. Yes, but I don't want any of that bad cabbage that you call sour krout, and that cheese. Great Jerusalem! You can find it in the dark.

LEE. Ah, boys, don't let this worry you. A true American is never beaten till the last man is out

in the ninth inning. Cheer up. The boys will come soon, and get us out of this. I feel sure of it.

SIMPSON. That's so, Sergeant! I've been telling my fortune, and I see we'll all give these fellows the slip yet. The cards never lie.

(*Enter,* R., *a fat German major. The guards give the "rifle salute."*)

MAJOR. Don't allow these Americans too much liberty in speech or movements. They are as slippery as eels. Come down here, and I'll whisper the password to you.

(*They come down* C., *and* MAJOR *whispers to them "Crown Prince." While he is doing this* JENKS *appears from behind the boxes, etc., up* L. *He goes to* LEE *and speaks cautiously to him.*)

JENKS. I have been exploring that secret underground passage. It leads toward our advanced lines. Sh! I'll tell you more about it when I get a chance.

(*Skips back among the rubbish and disappears.* MAJOR *turns.*)

MAJOR. I will notify the outer guards to be doubly careful. I want to get these prisoners, male and female, away from here as soon as I can.

(*Enter* PHILIP, L. *He is now in uniform of a German colonel. He is followed by a few German soldiers.* MAJOR *and guards salute.*)

PHILIP. The outer guards have orders to shoot any one coming near the dead line. The enemy are making preparations of some kind, but our spies have not yet made a report. (*To prisoners.*) How do you like the change in this game of war? (*To* LEE.) You had a narrow escape, but you are not out of the woods.

LEE. You are at last in your true element, and in your correct uniform.

PHILIP. I will have more to say to you in a short time. As a cat plays with a mouse before destroying it, so can I afford to amuse myself with you. (*To* MAJOR.) Remove all prisoners to the other building and secure them! Don't be afraid to shoot them if they attempt any rebellious movements.

MAJOR. Guards! Remove the prisoners.

(*Sentries and other soldiers order the prisoners off* R. LEE *looks at* PHILIP *with scorn and exits* R. *This leaves* MAJOR *and* PHILIP *alone,* C.)

PHILIP. There is one American among that group that I will trample under my feet when the time comes.

MAJOR. I have heard about this place from some of our spies. They tell me there is a secret passage—a relic of old days. We could use it to attack the Americans or they could use it to surprise us here. Do you know its exact location?

PHILIP (*surprised*). No; I did not know of such a passage. I do not place much reliance on such stories.

MAJOR (*aside*). He knows, but is trying to throw me off the track. (*Aloud.*) You certainly know something about it.

PHILIP. I have told you that I do not.

MAJOR. How do we know that you are not playing a double game on us? Once a spy always a spy.

(*Looks at* PHILIP *and exits* R.)

PHILIP. A spy is not trusted even by his comrades. Well, I'll look after him later on. I never forget little compliments like that. I'll look over the prisoners myself and try to console Sergeant Sam Lee. (*Laughs.*) All my friends are here and I'll try to make it pleasant for them.

(*Exit,* R.)

(*Immediately* FELIX *capers on from* L. *and dodges around ad lib.*)

FELIX. So far they have overlooked me, but I've got to make a get away from this place. They're going to send all prisoners back from here, and I must look after myself. (FELIX, *in searching among rubbish, etc., up* R. *and* L., *finds a Normandy peasant girl's dress, apron, and Normandy cap. He comes down* C.) Here's the stuff! With this disguise I can escape and get back to the American lines. (*Rolls up his trousers, showing white stockings. He puts on the female dress. Funny business ad lib., but not too slow. Then he puts on the Normandy cap.*) There! I'd like to know if I don't look like the real thing!

(*He has taken but a few steps when the two German sentries,* SIEGFRIED *and* GOTTLIEB, *enter* R. *and admire* FELIX.)

SIEGFRIED. Oh! Wass a bootiful madchen.

GOTTLIEB. Oh! Such a fine shape and sweetness. Dot belongs to me yet.

SIEGFRIED. I have dot seen first already.

(*As these two cannot be given their native language, dialect and distortion of phrases is permissible. During the speeches* FELIX *is puzzled and anxious to avoid them.*)

GOTTLIEB. You are such a big stick of sugar candy.

(*Puts arm around* FELIX'S *waist.*)

SIEGFRIED. You are worse than candy. You iss molasses yet.

(*Puts his arm around* FELIX'S *waist.*)

FELIX (*aside*). I'll rap one of these chaps on the jaw in a minute.

GOTTLIEB. You love me because I am a military soldier—yes?

SIEGFRIED. And you love me because you can't help it, no?

FELIX. My mama don't allow me to flirt with strange gentlemen.

SIEGFRIED. We are not gentlemen—we are German soldiers.

GOTTLIEB. I never was a gentleman since I was in this army.

FELIX. Anybody can tell that. You couldn't be if you tried; the Kaiser wouldn't let you.

SIEGFRIED. And the officers are worse! (*Laughs.*)

GOTTLIEB. Yaw, yaw! Better as worse! Please give me a kiss.

SIEGFRIED. Me first, because I am the prettiest.

GOTTLIEB. I shall have the first kiss, because I saw her first.

FELIX. Oh! I am so bashful. I want to kiss you, but you mustn't look at me when you kiss me.

SIEGFRIED. No, I will shut my eyes open.

GOTTLIEB. Yes, I will close my eyes wide open.

FELIX. I will do better than that. I will blindfold you both. Have you a handkerchief between you?

SIEGFRIED. Handkerchief? What's dem for?

FELIX. Never mind. I have some. (*Takes two handkerchiefs from pockets of dress or apron.*) Oh! I hope mama won't catch me flirting with you handsome men.

(*Ties handkerchief over* SIEGFRIED'S *eyes, then blindfolds* GOTTLIEB *with another.*)

SIEGFRIED. I am without eyes! I can't smell nothings.

GOTTLIEB. And me too likewise.

FELIX. Now when I say the word kiss me quick so my mama won't see you. (LOUELLA *appears from* L. FELIX *motions to her. She expresses surprise.*) Come down here! (LOUELLA *advances.*) Now, all ready!

(*The two Germans advance to* C. *as* FELIX *places*

LOUELLA C., *and runs out* L. *The Germans throw their arms around the astonished* LOUELLA *and kiss her repeatedly, she being unable to escape, until they joyfully pull off the bandages and then see they have been kissing* LOUELLA. *They utter a yell of disappointment and wipe their mouths in disgust.* LOUELLA *produces a razor from her shoe and slashing ad lib. at them chases them out* R.)

(*Enter* MABEL, L.)

MABEL. What is to be the fate of the prisoners? We cannot expect much mercy from our captors and none at all from the one who has persecuted us at every chance.

(JENKS *appears from under rubbish, etc., up* L., *and motions to her to be silent and careful.*)

JENKS. Sh! Be careful, Miss Sanders. I'm acting as a mole or a ground-hog digging in the earth. I'm on the eve of a great discovery.

MABEL. What is it?

JENKS. Do you remember I told you about an old secret passage?

MABEL. Yes—yes! Have you found it? Where does it lead?

JENKS. It led from our lines to this place before the Germans captured it.

MABEL (*down* L.). Yes, yes, go on. It may yet prove the means of our escape.

JENKS (L. C.). It may—but I haven't explored it thoroughly yet. I have told Mr. Lee about it and we're all anxious to get a line on it. Look out; our dear friend Philip approaches. I'll keep an eye on him, never fear.

(*Exit,* R.)

(*Enter* PHILIP, R. *He sees* MABEL, L., *and bows to her.*)

PHILIP. Miss Sanders, we seem to meet under strange

circumstances at all times. It was a queer turn of fortune that placed you all in our hands. But we may as well make the best of it. (*Calls.*) Sergeant! Bring in the American, Samuel Lee. (*A German soldier enters* R. *with* LEE L.) You may leave us, but remain within call.

SOLDIER. Very good, sir.

(*Salutes and exit,* R.)

(MABEL *and* LEE *exchange glances.*)

LEE (R., *to* PHILIP). What do you wish to say to me?

PHILIP (*up* L. C.). First, let me say that all prisoners are going to be sent back to Germany. You have certain information that may be of great use to me.

LEE (*down* R.). And if I have it will never be revealed to you while I live.

PHILIP. Miss Sanders has partially revealed something of importance.

MABEL (L., *starts forward*). It is false. I have not spoken to you upon any subject whatever.

PHILIP. We will not discuss the matter. You have a chance to save your lives.

LEE. Would you murder unarmed prisoners?

PHILIP (*laughs*). Murder! Oh, nothing so crude as that. We will simply arrange matters so that you will be very anxious to die.

(MABEL, L. C., *shudders.* LEE *crosses to her.* PHILIP *goes down* R.)

LEE. I demand the treatment due to a prisoner. I am an American soldier.

PHILIP. Bah! Why do you Americans keep shouting so about your nationality?

LEE. Because I'd rather belong to America than to any other nation on earth.

PHILIP. Why, forsooth?

LEE (C.). Why? I would rather be an American because I believe in the United States of America, which has been created by the people and for the

people. A land devoted to freedom and justice, where one man is as good as another, and where every man is the architect of his own fortune, and can rise to the highest office in the gift of a great nation. Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin! I am an American because I do not bow the knee to or recognize a tyrant and a despot who compels his people to go as slaves and fight his battles to perpetuate his throne and family. I am an American because America is the land of my birth, the country that fed me and made a man of me. I am an American because I have enlisted to fight under the Stars and Stripes for the liberty of the world, and in my heart I carry this resolution—In all good things America must and shall be first!

MABEL (L. C.). Good! I never felt so proud of you and my country as I feel at this moment.

LEE (C.). I can't conceive of a more despicable traitor than the man who stands ready to betray his country to a foreign power.

PHILIP (*down* R.). Men in high places in your own boasted country are helping us.

LEE. Some day the American people will rise in their wrath and drive out all those poisonous reptiles!

PHILIP. A very patriotic speech; but what has America done that compares with the glorious deeds of Germany?

MABEL. Glorious deeds! Yes—shooting nurses, shelling churches filled with women and children, firing on poor fellows in boats who were trying to save themselves, killing clergymen in Belgium and murdering prisoners of war. You certainly have some reason to glorify your deeds and your boasted "Kultur."

PHILIP (*angrily*). Modify your language.

(*Advances in a threatening manner to* R. C. LEE *steps forward.* MABEL *steps between the two men, as though shielding* LEE *from danger.*)

MABEL. Do not fear for me. If it comes to the worst I will show you how an American woman can protect and defend herself from brutes in the shape of men.

PHILIP. You also know that when we catch spies over here we do not dilly-dally with them as your American government does. We shoot them, male or female.

LEE (*starts*). Male or female?

PHILIP. Yes, we have done so before, and will do so again. Miss Sanders could be easily accused!

LEE. What a low brute you are!

PHILIP. I repeat—that she could be accused and shot.

MABEL (R. C.). When I volunteered my services as a nurse I fully believed that the German officers would respect my sex and calling.

PHILIP (R.). This is war time. I need information. There is a secret underground passage leading toward the American trenches. (MABEL *starts.*) Ah, I see you know something about it. Would you save your lives?

MABEL. I reject your offer. I would not purchase my life by giving you the slightest bit of information.

LEE (C.). God bless you, girlie, for refusing to live as a dishonored representative of the land of your birth.

PHILIP. During this war Germany has made spying a science. To be a spy is not dishonorable in Germany. Some do their work through patriotic motives and believe that Germany will yet be master of the world.

LEE. It must be a fine nation that depends upon treachery and dirty work to win.

PHILIP (*impatiently*). Very well. That's enough. I'll have you shot within ten minutes. As for this girl—she is mine. Come!

(*He seizes* MABEL'S *hand, and as she screams tries to draw her to door* R.)

MABEL (*to* LEE). Oh, save me!

(*Music.* LEE *jumps forward and seizes* PHILIP *by the throat and a desperate struggle takes place.* PHILIP *tries to draw his revolver but* MABEL *seizes his arm.* LEE *begins to get the best of the fight and forces* PHILIP *to his knees, up* R. PHILIP *yells.*)

PHILIP. Help—guard—help! (GOTTLIEB *and* SIEGFRIED *dash in* R., *throw* MABEL *aside and attack* LEE *up* R. *This gives* PHILIP *a chance to rise, up* L. C.) Ach! Now we have him. Kill him! (*He turns to* MABEL, *who lies sobbing on ground up* C.) Now you will come with me! (PHILIP *seizes* MABEL, *and half carries, half drags her to* R. *She fights him desperately, striking him in the face.*) What, you tigress!

(*Standing near door* R., *he raises his arm to strike her, when* JENKS, *rushing in* R., *seizes his arm.* LEE *throws down the two soldiers in the same moment.* JENKS *levels a pistol at* PHILIP. MABEL *sinks on her knees.*)

JENKS (*to* PHILIP). Keep your hands up, Kamerad fashion. That's right. Now I'll relieve you of this pistol. (*Disarms* PHILIP.)

LEE (*going* L.). Thank you, Jenks. Just in time. My wound makes me weak. (*Sinks on box,* L.)

JENKS (R., *to* PHILIP). Three to one, you cowards; but that's the only way you ever fight. (*The two soldiers make a movement but* JENKS *covers them.*) Make another move and I'll blow your heads off.

PHILIP. Call the guard!

JENKS. Shut up, or I'll call the undertaker! (*Threatens them ad lib.* JENKS *then calls.*) Crabface—Crabface!

(SIMPSON *enters* R., *with rope lasso.*)

SIMPSON. Right here!

JENKS. Take out these prisoners and tie them up. (*Hands* PHILIP'S *revolver to* SIMPSON *after*

SIMPSON *has placed his rope around the two soldiers and* PHILIP.) Take them out! (SIMPSON *pulls the Germans out* R. *Business ad lib.*) Now then be quick! I've found the secret passage and sent word to our Sammees. (MABEL *and* LEE *are delighted.*) Look out for a picnic. (*Explosion heard off* L.) What's that? (*Runs to window* C. *and looks out.*) Great Scott! A shell has exploded right at the end of the secret passage!

MABEL (*despairingly*). We are lost! We are lost!

(*Rattle of musketry off* L.; *distant shouts and loud explosions.* LEE *goes to window up* R. C.)

LEE. That's an American barrage. Our boys are about to attack. (*Comes down from window.*)

MABEL. Oh, will they shell this building?

LEE (C.). I'm afraid so. It may come any moment.

MABEL (*going to him up* C.). At least we die together.

LEE. Then you care—you love me!

MABEL. Better than life itself! I have always loved you and always will.

LEE. If we are spared will you be my wife?

MABEL. Yes, yes!

(*They embrace. Another rattle of firearms heard.* LOUELLA *runs on* R. *with a rifle and revolver and gives weapons to* LEE.)

LOUELLA. Here! If the Germans attack us defend yourself!

(LEE *takes* MABEL *off* L. *Exit* LOUELLA, R. WIDOW *rushes in* R., *screaming, "Save me!" Runs into arms of* JENKS.)

JENKS. Wait until after the fight!

(*Casts her off and rushes off* L., *followed by* WIDOW *screaming, "Don't desert me, dear Johnson! Come back!"* SIMPSON *dashes on from* R. *and when he is* C. *a shot is fired off* R. SIMPSON *falls with his head to* R. *The fat* MAJOR *runs on from*

R., *kicks and abuses* SIMPSON, *then as he starts to go* L., SIMPSON *sits up and shoots him in the back, then runs off* R., *pursued by* MAJOR, *limping.* LEE *and* MABEL *enter* L. *Keep up shooting and shouts off stage.*)

LEE. The boys are at hand. Remain close beside me. We'll die together if need be.

(PHILIP *rushes on from* R.)

PHILIP. You expect a rescue, do you? Surrender!
LEE. This is my answer!

(*Shoots* PHILIP, *who staggers and falls* R. C. *At this moment the Americans dash in* L., *led by* JENKS, FELIX *and* LIEUTENANT. *German soldiers drive in the prisoners from* L. *They run over to their rescuers. All characters are now in this general conflict. The Germans are beaten down or killed.* LEE, *up* C., *takes the flag from an American soldier who is wounded and while embracing* MABEL *he waves the flag over the cheering Americans.*)

LIEUTENANT. Where's Rhinehart? Where's the spy?
LEE (*pointing to* PHILIP). There he lies—he will serve Germany no longer! So perish all enemies of the Stars and Stripes in France!

CURTAIN

Unusually Good Entertainments

Read One or More of These Before Deciding on Your Next Program

GRADUATION DAY AT WOOD HILL SCHOOL. An Entertainment in Two Acts, by WARD MACAULEY. For six males and four females, with several minor parts. Time of playing, two hours. Modern costumes. Simple interior scenes; may be presented in a hall without scenery. The unusual combination of a real "entertainment," including music, recitations, etc., with an interesting love story. The graduation exercises include short speeches, recitations, songs, funny interruptions, and a comical speech by a country school trustee. Price, 15 cents.

EXAMINATION DAY AT WOOD HILL SCHOOL. An Entertainment in One Act, by WARD MACAULEY. Eight male and six female characters, with minor parts. Plays one hour. Scene, an easy interior, or may be given without scenery. Costumes, modern. Miss Marks, the teacher, refuses to marry a trustee, who threatens to discharge her. The examination includes recitations and songs, and brings out many funny answers to questions. At the close Robert Coleman, an old lover, claims the teacher. Very easy and very effective. Price, 15 cents.

BACK TO THE COUNTRY STORE. A Rural Entertainment in Three Acts, by WARD MACAULEY. For four male and five female characters, with some supers. Time, two hours. Two scenes, both easy interiors. Can be played effectively without scenery. Costumes, modern. All the principal parts are sure hits. Quigley Higginbotham, known as "Quig," a clerk in a country store, aspires to be a great author or singer and decides to try his fortunes in New York. The last scene is in Quig's home. He returns a failure but is offered a partnership in the country store. He pops the question in the midst of a surprise party given in his honor. Easy to do and very funny. Price, 15 cents.

THE DISTRICT CONVENTION. A Farcical Sketch in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For eleven males and one female, or twelve males. Any number of other parts or supernumeraries may be added. Plays forty-five minutes. No special scenery is required, and the costumes and properties are all easy. The play shows an uproarious political nominating convention. The climax comes when a woman's rights champion, captures the convention. There is a great chance to burlesque modern politics and to work in local gags. Every part will make a hit. Price, 15 cents.

SI SLOCUM'S COUNTRY STORE. An Entertainment in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. Eleven male and five female characters with supernumeraries. Several parts may be doubled. Plays one hour. Interior scene, or may be played without set scenery. Costumes, modern. The rehearsal for an entertainment in the village church gives plenty of opportunity for specialty work. A very jolly entertainment of the sort adapted to almost any place or occasion. Price, 15 cents.

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Unusually Good Entertainments

Read One or More of These Before Deciding on Your Next Program

A SURPRISE PARTY AT BRINKLEY'S. An Entertainment in One Scene, by WARD MACAULEY. Seven male and seven female characters. Interior scene, or may be given without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time, one hour. By the author of the popular successes, "Graduation Day at Wood Hill School," "Back to the Country Store," etc. The villagers have planned a birthday surprise party for Mary Brinkley, recently graduated from college. They all join in jolly games, songs, conundrums, etc., and Mary becomes engaged, which surprises the surprisers. The entertainment is a sure success. Price, 15 cents.

JONES VS. JINKS. A Mock Trial in One Act, by EDWARD MUMFORD. Fifteen male and six female characters, with supernumeraries if desired. May be played all male. Many of the parts (members of the jury, etc.) are small. Scene, a simple interior; may be played without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time of playing, one hour. This mock trial has many novel features, unusual characters and quick action. Nearly every character has a funny entrance and laughable lines. There are many rich parts, and fast fun throughout. Price, 15 cents.

THE SIGHT-SEEING CAR. A Comedy Sketch in One Act, by ERNEST M. GOULD. For seven males, two females, or may be all male. Parts may be doubled, with quick changes, so that four persons may play the sketch. Time, forty-five minutes. Simple street scene. Costumes, modern. The superintendent of a sight-seeing automobile engages two men to run the machine. A Jew, a farmer, a fat lady and other humorous characters give them all kinds of trouble. This is a regular gatling-gun stream of rollicking repartee. Price, 15 cents.

THE CASE OF SMYTHE VS. SMITH. An Original Mock Trial in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. Eighteen males and two females, or may be all male. Plays about one hour. Scene, a county courtroom; requires no scenery; may be played in an ordinary hall. Costumes, modern. This entertainment is nearly perfect of its kind, and a sure success. It can be easily produced in any place or on any occasion, and provides almost any number of good parts. Price, 15 cents.

THE OLD MAIDS' ASSOCIATION. A Farcical Entertainment in One Act, by LOUISE LATHAM WILSON. For thirteen females and one male. The male part may be played by a female, and the number of characters increased to twenty or more. Time, forty minutes. The play requires neither scenery nor properties, and very little in the way of costumes. Can easily be prepared in one or two rehearsals. Price, 25 cents.

BARGAIN DAY AT BLOOMSTEIN'S. A Farcical Entertainment in One Act, by EDWARD MUMFORD. For five males and ten females, with supers. Interior scene. Costumes, modern. Time, thirty minutes. The characters and the situations which arise from their endeavors to buy and sell make rapid-fire fun from start to finish. Price, 15 cents.

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Successful Plays for All Girls

In Selecting Your Next Play Do Not Overlook This List

YOUNG DOCTOR DEVINE. A Farce in Two Acts, by Mrs. E. J. H. Goodfellow. One of the most popular plays for girls. For nine female characters. Time in playing, thirty minutes. Scenery, ordinary interior. Modern costumes. Girls in a boarding-school, learning that a young doctor is coming to vaccinate all the pupils, eagerly consult each other as to the manner of fascinating the physician. When the doctor appears upon the scene the pupils discover that the physician is a female practitioner. Price, 15 cents.

SISTER MASONS. A Burlesque in One Act, by Frank Dumont. For eleven females. Time, thirty minutes. Costumes, fantastic gowns, or dominoes. Scene, interior. A grand expose of Masonry. Some women profess to learn the secrets of a Masonic lodge by hearing their husbands talk in their sleep, and they institute a similar organization. Price, 15 cents.

A COMMANDING POSITION. A Farcical Entertainment, by Amelia Sanford. For seven female characters and ten or more other ladies and children. Time, one hour. Costumes, modern. Scenes, easy interiors and one street scene. Marian Young gets tired living with her aunt, Miss Skinflint. She decides to "attain a commanding position." Marian tries hospital nursing, college settlement work and school teaching, but decides to go back to housework. Price, 15 cents.

HOW A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET. A Comedy in One Act, by Frank Dumont. For ten female characters. Time, half an hour. Scene, an easy interior. Costumes, modern. Mabel Sweetly has just become engaged to Harold, but it's "the deepest kind of a secret." Before announcing it they must win the approval of Harold's uncle, now in Europe, or lose a possible ten thousand a year. At a tea Mabel meets her dearest friend. Maude sees Mabel has a secret, she coaxes and Mabel tells her. Bút Maude lets out the secret in a few minutes to another friend and so the secret travels. Price, 15 cents.

THE OXFORD AFFAIR. A Comedy in Three Acts, by Josephine H. Cobb and Jennie E. Paine. For eight female characters. Plays one hour and three-quarters. Scenes, interiors at a seaside hotel. Costumes, modern. The action of the play is located at a summer resort. Alice Graham, in order to chaperon herself, poses as a widow, and Miss Oxford first claims her as a sister-in-law, then denounces her. The onerous duties of Miss Oxford, who attempts to serve as chaperon to Miss Howe and Miss Ashton in the face of many obstacles, furnish an evening of rare enjoyment. Price 15 cents.

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 401 305 6

The Power of

Expression and efficiency go hand

The power of clear and forceful expression brings confidence and poise at all times—in private gatherings, in public discussion, in society, in business.

It is an invaluable asset to any man or woman. It can often be turned into money, but it is always a real joy.

In learning to express thought, we learn to command thought itself, and thought is power. You can have this power if you will.

Whoever has the power of clear expression is always sure of himself.

The power of expression leads to:

The ability to think "on your feet"
Successful public speaking
Effective recitals
The mastery over other minds
Social prominence
Business success
Efficiency in any undertaking

Are these things worth while?

They are all successfully taught at The National School of Elocution and Oratory, which during many years has developed this power in hundreds of men and women.

A catalogue giving full information as to how any of these accomplishments may be attained will be sent free on request.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY

1714 Delancey Street Philadelphia